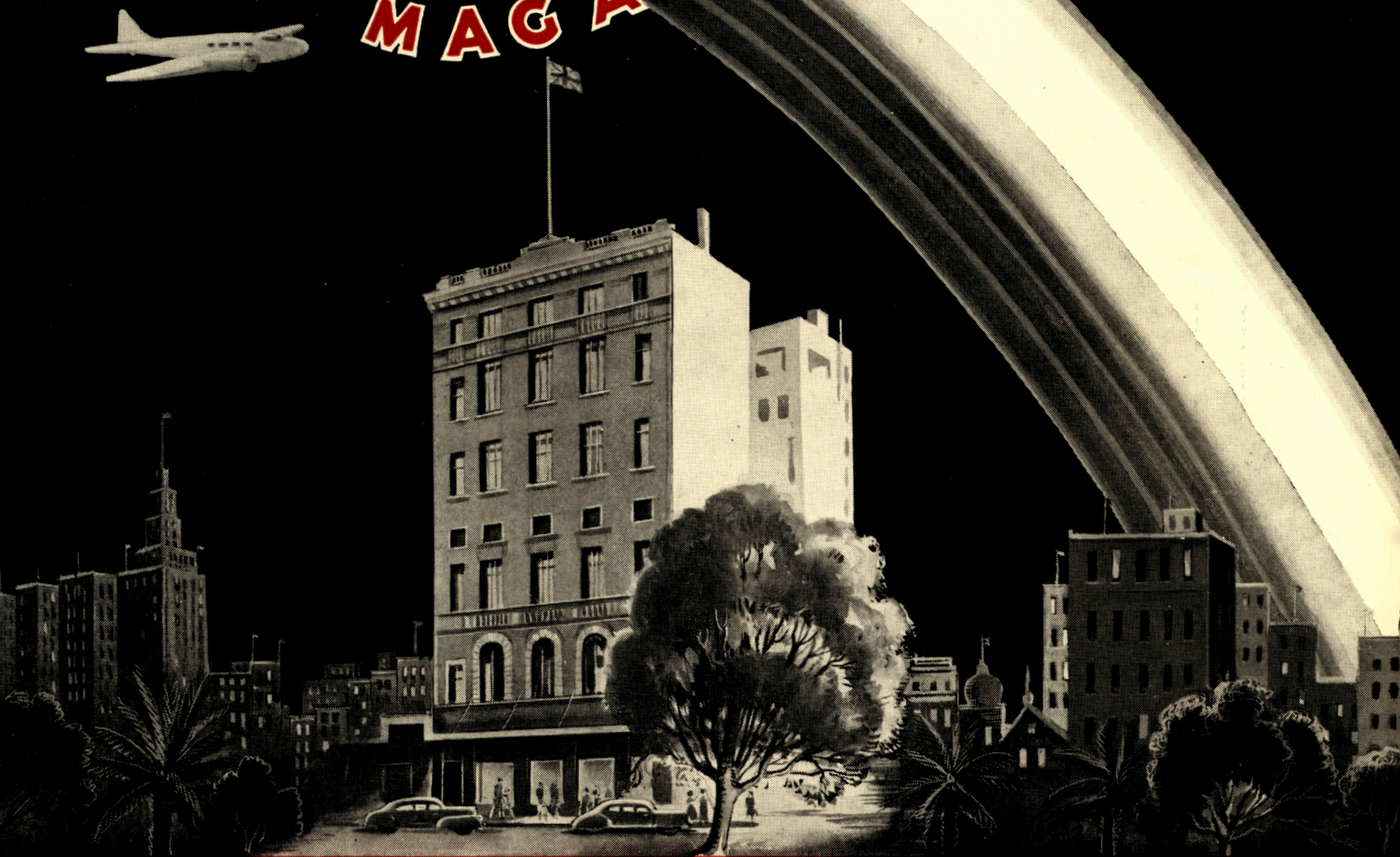


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

Spring Meeting

1947

To be held on Randwick Racecourse
October 4th, 6th, 8th and 11th

PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

OCTOBER 4th

THE BREEDERS' PLATE, £1,300 added Five Furlongs

THE A.J.C. DERBY, £5,000 added One Mile and a Half

THE EPSOM HANDICAP, £3,000 added One Mile

OCTOBER 6th

THE GIMCRACK STAKES, £1,300 added Five Furlongs

THE METROPOLITAN HANDICAP, £5,000 added
One Mile and Five Furlongs

OCTOBER 8th

THE FLIGHT STAKES, £1,500 added One Mile

THE CRAVEN PLATE, £2,000 added One Mile and a Quarter

OCTOBER 11th

THE RANDWICK PLATE, £2,000 added Two Miles

T. NICHOLSON, Racing Secretary.
6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN, Secretary.

A KING REGAINS HIS THRONE

IT looks as if King Cricket, who had been forced to flee his realm, has returned and regained his throne, at long last.

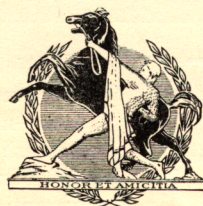
We are basing that assumption on the reading of newspaper cables from England. So little was said—simply that the season just concluded had been the most interesting and pleasant in years—but so much was signified—a resurgence of the old spirit that was England's glory, and to which other countries turned for inspiration, as well as contrived to capture.

If the best has happened, it is appropriate that this spiritual regeneration should have been heralded by the return of King Cricket, the ruler of England's greatest game. We say greatest, because it gave to the English a tradition—"The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing field of Eton"—and a sporting code expressed in "It isn't cricket" to denote departure from the ethical.

All that has become a mockery. A generation had arisen—there and here—which turned cricket from a game—"village green cricket"—into a form of war, introducing means of intimidation and a will to win at all costs. Sections of the Press played up to disputation and disgruntlement. The game got out of control; that is, out of the hands of the controllers into the hands of the uncontrollable—century-bemused batsmen, record-chasers, "ace writers," and so forth.

Those who believed that King Cricket would enjoy again the hospitality of his subjects contented themselves with the thought: "Be still, my soul, be still, 'tis but for a season." A long and dreary season it has been. Now comes the glad news from England, almost as Australia prepares to "pad up."

Let us in Australia recapture for sport in every domain that spirit which made an English season—"the most interesting and pleasant in years."



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

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The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER.

1st Percy Smith	17th S. E. Chatterton
2nd P. M. King	H. V. S. Kirby
3rd G. T. Rowe	19th C. H. Dodds
R. Quinnell	20th C. Graves
F. C. Williams	21st Mark Barnett
7th R. A. Dunstan	22nd John Hickey
8th W. S. E. Parsons	23rd Rex Cullen-
J. J. Crennan	Ward
9th E. A. Box	24th Sir Samuel
13th A. O. Romano	Hordern
15th J. Wyatt	26th W. Longworth
F. Gawler	P. Pilcher
S. N. West	27th J. S. Irwin
W. Dittfort	28th E. A. Nettlefold
C. H. D. Scou-	30th A. L. Brown
gall	H. D. McRae
	W. H. Sellen

OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks, K.	14th H. Townsend,
J. Patrick	A. Leslie Cooper
5th F. P. Robinson	20th Alex. Colquhoun
6th E. W. Bell,	21st E. R. Deveridge,
S. V. Toose	D. S. Orton
7th P. F. Miller	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	31st C. Bartlett

ALEC. BUCKLE was congratulated at a gathering of Rotarians recently on having become a grandfather for the first time. He should now find it easy to start a long conversation in this club. Grandfathers not only get off to a good start, but are splendid stayers on their favourite topic.

THE auctioneering of Shannon was memorable—public interest awakened throughout Australia, columns in the Press, factual and speculative, a great crowd on the day, the familiar presence of Reg Inglis in the rostrum, the bidding stated at 10,000 guineas and closed at 26,000 guineas. From the moment Mr. Inglis said "Gone," the words on everyone's lips were "Who's the buyer?" Nobody was surprised when the name of W. J. Smith was broadcast, although he had not been among those who had declared themselves likely bidders before auction day.

All sportsmen will wish Mr. Smith good fortune with Shannon. He deserves it for having the courage to pay a record figure. Whether he will need good fortune time alone will tell.

BEN JORDON has made a habit over the years of an after-lunch nap—not long, but long enough to refresh him mentally. Billiards tournaments, dominoes games, conversation, do not disturb Ben. He simply settles himself in an easy chair, closes his eyes and is off in a twinkling. It should be added that he doesn't snore.

A CLUB member's appraisal of Temeraire: "A magnificently conformed colt; a beautiful mover; a better mover than was Yaralla."

KEN WOOLDRIDGE'S tragic passing shocked all who had the privilege of his friendship—and they were many—over the years, who knew him for his real worth as a sportsman, with a kindly outlook on life and on his fellow men, and Ken was a big man with a big heart—a certain friend in things uncertain.

FRANK UNDERWOOD'S memory remains so lively about sportsmen and sporting incidents in the past that he is able to answer readily questions fired at him by writers not so well informed and lacking his background. Great was the surprise of a writer recently when he 'phoned Frank and enquired for a story about "Jumbo" Walker on the death of that ancient international Rugby player, and heard Frank answer: "'Jumbo' Walker was before my time as a player. But I knew him, of course."

"Jumbo" had played in the early and mid-eighties; Frank in the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds.

BILLIARDS and snooker players who failed in the recent tournaments went into training immediately for the next games. That's the spirit.

W. T. KERR produced a letter dated April 27, 1910, and addressed by Hugh D. McIntosh from Challis House, Martin Place, to Lawrence and Lawrence, solicitors:

Regarding The Stadium Ltd.: We the undersigned hereby authorise you to insert our names in the articles of association of The Stadium Ltd. as the first directors of that company, and now instruct you to register the company on the memorandum and articles as prepared by you and approved by Hugh D. McIntosh.

The letter was signed by Hugh D. McIntosh, William T. Kerr, and William C. J. Kelly. The last named was then Spalding's representative in Australia. W. T. Kerr is now, as he was then, official timekeeper at the Stadium.

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue:—

WOOLDRIDGE, K. A.
(City Member)

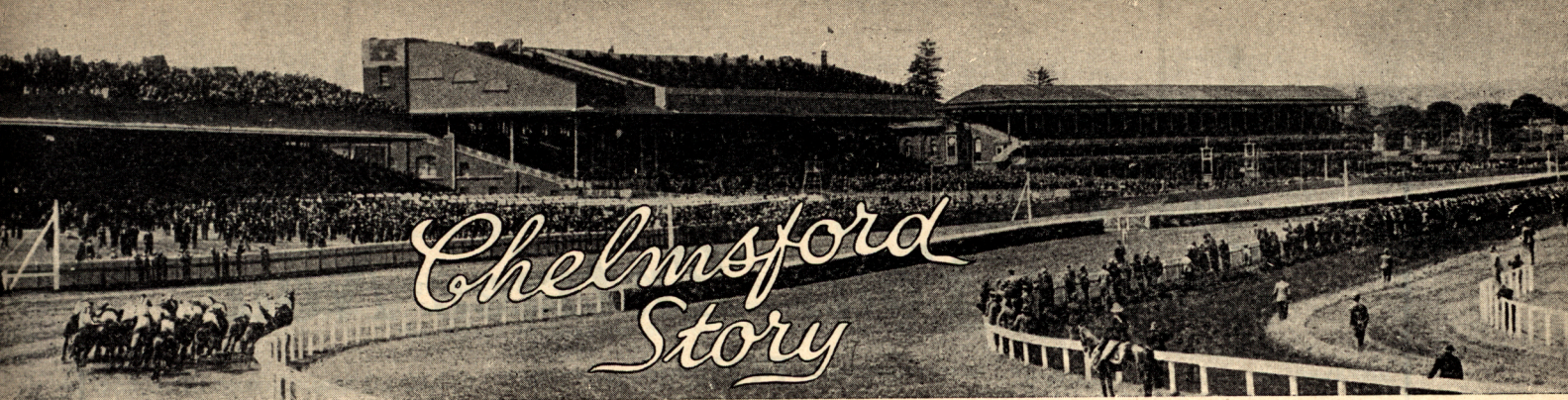
Elected 16/6/1930.
Died 23/8/47.

BRODIE, EDWARD M.
Elected 22/11/1937.
Died 7/9/1947.

IN other seasons, Peter Riddle advised Jack Cush to buy All Love, a champion sprinter—and how!

Jack Cush had gone to the yearling sales to buy a filly by Double Remove. When Jack was outbid, Peter said: "Buy this filly by Double Remove. She's better." Cush hesitated, but finally bid for, and secured, the filly.

Neither Riddle nor Cush knew that the filly was a wind-sucker. Cush didn't feel happy about it when he was told. But all was well that ended well. The filly he secured was the All Love of the future.



HISTORIC CHELMSFORD STAKES COMES ROUND ONCE MORE

Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes, a real highlight of Spring racing each year has always been won by high-class gallopers. Its list of winners bristles with names of champions of their years.

AN attractive weight-for-age contest with penalties and allowances it has been run at nine furlongs since 1895 and is an event holding much historic significance. Results have favoured the better class horses and many of them have successfully handled penalties.

New Zealanders figure prominently in the winning table and one of them, Limerick, holds the record so far as number of successes is concerned. He landed the race in 1926, '27, and '28, carrying 7.13, 9.4, and 9.8, respectively. In his first race he defeated Windbag who had previously won the Melbourne Cup. Rapine who finished third had won the Chelmsford four years earlier.

Perhaps one of the most noted New Zealanders to win the Chelmsford was Gloaming who scored in runaway fashion in 1918 giving Desmond O'Connor his most noted success and mention of this former jockey calls to mind that he is still an ardent race follower. Gloaming, second favourite at 7 to 2, defeated favourite Rebus and Kennaquhair.

Ammon Ra, Gaine Carrington, Mala, Royal Chief, Defaulter, Beauivre, Beau Vite, and Sleepy Fox, were other high-class New Zealanders to have their names enrolled as winners of this Randwick September attraction.

Bernborough, last year's winner, is now at the stud in America. He defeated Two Grand and Prince Consort. Two Grand is an entrant for this year's race.

From the time angle, Heroic's 1.50½ made in 1924 when he finished ahead of Gloaming and Wallace Mortlake, still remains the record. What a grand horse Gloaming must have been? He won the Chelmsford in 1918, was second to Beauford in 1922 and second to Heroic two years later. His complete record was 67 starts 57 wins nine seconds, won £43,100.

Phar Lap, Windbag, Mollison, and Rogilla, are other prominent names included in the Chelmsford winning list. Even that quartet comprises four of the best horses to grace the Australian turf.

Fifteen nominations were made for this year's race and though all are locally prepared they embrace the best horses in training and a keen contest is certain.

One of the most interesting entrants is three-year-old unbeaten (at the time of going to press) Temeraire. Not many three-year-olds have been capable of holding their own against the older horses in this popular weight-for-age contest but in recent years Tribal was one of the group who succeeded. Other winners in the three-year-old section included Limerick (his first year), Heroic, Ammon Ra, and Gold Rod.

Shannon has his chance to atone for his defeat in the Warwick Stakes by Victory Lad who is also listed among the nominations. Naturally the club's executive would like to see all entrants in the line-up. Other names in the entry list include Sweet Chime, Vigaro, Proctor (Melbourne

Cup favourite at time of writing), Cordale, Columnist, and Le Fusil.

Should the last-named be in the field his performance will be closely watched by Melbourne Cup admirers. Le Fusil is expected to give an indication of prospects in the main spring distance events. Already he is a popular horse in Melbourne Cup operations.

REFERENCES in the daily newspapers to the naming of racehorses, reminds a member: In other years a Sydney sportsman wished to give to a Comedy King-Royal Pet filly the name of Madam Lepescan. The A.J.C. would not have it or the alternative, Wanton Lady, but agreed eventually to Royal Favourite.



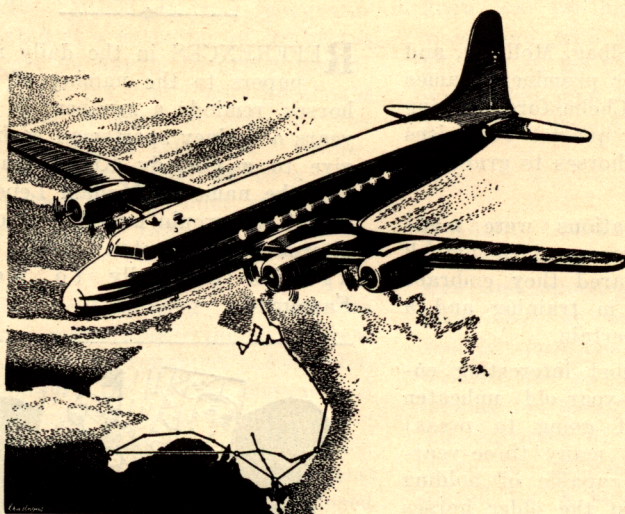
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FRANK OSBORN, Air Travel Manager.

The Crystal Bowl of Turf

The opening shots in the Spring racing campaign were fired at Randwick on August 30, and, in a day replete with incident, the outstanding performance was the defeat of Shannon at the hands (or feet) of Victory Lad.

SHANNON, recently sold for 26,000 guineas, stripped for the Warick Stakes of seven furlongs a trifle soft in condition but ran a grand race to beat all but Victory Lad who had one run up his sleeve on the son of Midstream.

All honour is due to Victory Lad for his sterling effort but Shannon loses little caste in defeat and bookmakers have only a slender chance of collecting again on a Shannon defeat unless and until he meets the wonder colt Temeraire later in the season.

Shannon's programme is to be confined solely to weight-for-age events and it is possible that Temeraire with Guineas, Derbies and Melbourne Cup ahead of him will not measure strides with his older opponent during the A.J.C. or Victorian carnivals.

A great deal of light was thrown on the Epsom-Metropolitan situation by the performances of Victory Lad, Columnist, Puffham, Warspite and Cape Neddick.

Columnist, having his first run of the season, impressed the critics by finishing second to Puffham over a distance usually considered too short for him.

Victory Lad, now stated to be a definite Epsom starter, heads the list and this versatile and consistent galloper will probably hold premier position in the market until starting time.

Puffham displayed exceptional speed and stamina to win the Campbelltown Handicap and he must be considered a real contender for Epsom honours. George Johnson has the happy habit of leading in winners at headquarters and Puffham rarely, if ever, runs a bad race no matter in what company he steps out.

Warspite showed by his third to Puffham and Columnist that he is going to be a force in sprint races this time up and Fred Cush should have him right at his top by the time the big meeting commences. Never a true first-up proposition, Warspite surprised the regulars and

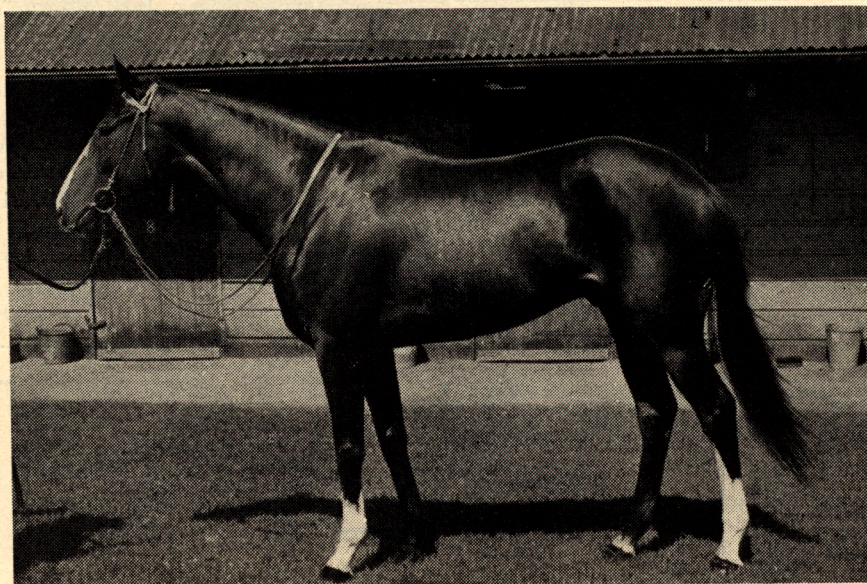
he'll be one of the best-backed candidates between this and Epsom day.

Native Son was ridden by Darby Munro in the Campbelltown but looked above himself and was never in the call. This smart sprinter will hand out an improved showing before long and must still be included in the list of Epsom possibilities.

Cape Neddick supplied one of the

Temeraire had only a work-out when he defeated his three humble opponents in the Hobartville Stakes but he looked the part of a Derby winner and his owner has stated that the colt will meet his engagements in the Canterbury and Rosehill Guineas and then the Blue Riband.

Sovereign earned a run in the classic by a fine win against horses



NATIVE SON.

highlights of the day by a comfortable win in the Warick Handicap of 1½ miles. The win was responsible for Cape Neddick rocketing to second top line in Metropolitan betting.

As Alby Cain's charge had only raced twice previously since coming back from a spell, the performance was a striking one and suggests that the horse is going to fulfil the staying promise he showed prior to the 1947 Sydney Cup. It will be recalled that he lost form just before that big event but his Randwick victory on August 30 will not be the only one he will record between this and the end of the Spring meeting.

August 30 racing also clarified the Derby position to a certain extent.

of his own age. His fast finish was an eye-opener and chockful of promise from a staying standpoint. Whether he will be good enough to make Temeraire stretch out is another matter.

Chanak beat a field of moderates at Mentone but carried 9.10 and won with his ears pricked. He is given out as an unlikely visitor to Sydney and is to concentrate on the Caulfield Guineas and V.R.C. Derby.

At the moment, Temeraire's hardest opposition seems to be confined to Sovereign, Marine Victory, Deep Sea, The Groom and perhaps Valiant Crown and if he maintains his winning form in the Canterbury and Rosehill Guineas he will start a very hot favourite in the 1947 Derby.

GAME FOR GAME'S SAKE

Chairman's tribute to the sporting spirit that distinguished Billiards and Snooker Tournaments.

IN the pleasant, club-like atmosphere in which the games had been played, trophies won in the billiards and snooker tournaments were presented by the Chairman, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, at a cocktail party on September 2.

There was a large roll-up of members, and the function was concluded on a felicitous note—the calling by a member for three cheers for the Chairman and members of the Committee. The response was sustained and hearty.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said that the success of the tournament was due to the spirit in which the games had been contested, to the great interest shown by members, and to their impartial behaviour which was in every way fitting to a club with the sporting traditions of Tattersall's Club.

He therefore congratulated alike

winners, losers and spectators. Everything had passed off without a single incident.

The Chairman added that the standard of play generally had been higher than in previous tournaments. Entries constituted a record—84 in billiards and 144 in snooker.

There had been a great deal of work attached to the running of the tournaments, and in this respect full credit should be given to the sub-committee charged with that responsibility—Messrs. J. A. Roles, A. J. Matthews, R. H. Alderson, W. Longworth and C. E. Young.

The Chairman noted that in the case of the finals in each tournament the early favourite had been beaten. "This," he added, amid laughter, "was reminiscent of Randwick."

The Chairman presented the trophies to the following:

Billiards.—G. Fienberg (winner),

F. Vockler (runner-up), G. J. Watson (3rd), L. H. Howard (4th).

Snooker.—B. M. Norris, Jr. (winner), L. H. Howarth (runner-up), N. Seamens (3rd), C. Cohen (4th).

Appropriate replies were made by those who received the trophies.

Mr. Norris said: "The way in which members conducted themselves during the playing of the games made one feel even more proud to be a member of Tattersall's Club."

Mr. Howarth congratulated the handicappers. The splendid job they had made of it had been revealed by the narrow wins and the number of games won on the black.

Mr. Vockler said: "I had never played in a tournament more exciting." Smilingly, he added: "Personally, I believe that I was a better thing than Shannon."



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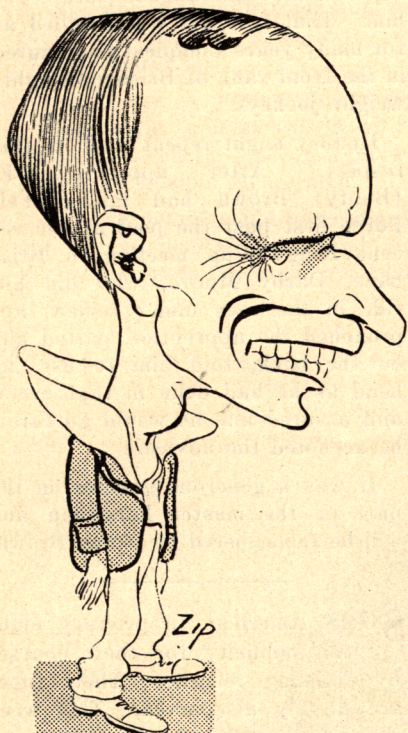
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WARM WELCOME AWAITS INDIANS

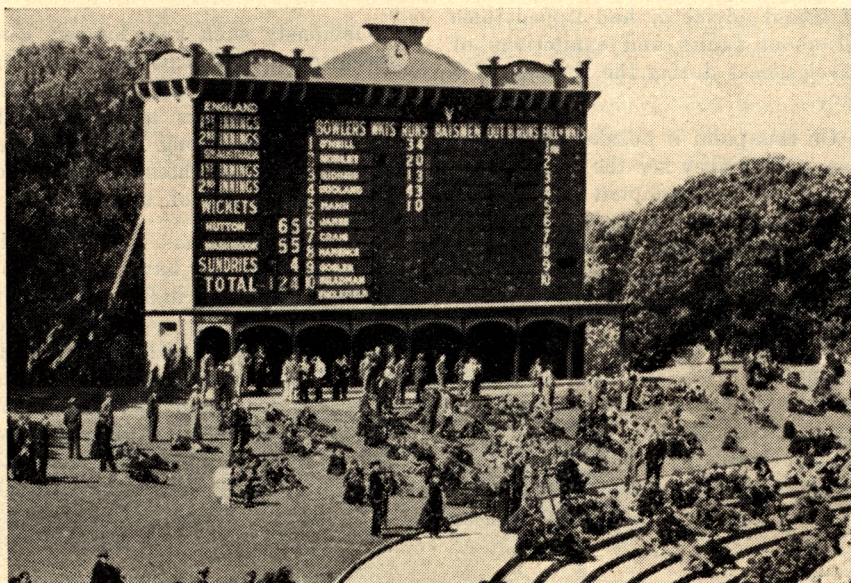
The Indian cricket team will arrive in Perth (W.A.) early next month to start its Australian tour. Several players are credited with attractiveness above the ordinary. Australians will hope the brightest measure up to the "between wars" champions like Patsy Hendren of England and Clarrie Grimmett of Australia who thrilled consistently.

Amir Elahi, the "old man" (in his 41st year) is the slow bowler who will find, we hope, that Australian batsmen have a way of dealing with successfully.

It remains to be seen whether or not they can acclimatise themselves to Australian conditions. Whatever happens the coming season bristles with possibilities.



Clarrie Grimmett.



Scoring Board, Adelaide Oval, where the Indians will play next Month.

UNFORTUNATELY, Vijay Merchant, one of the most accomplished batsmen of modern time, and regular skipper, is unlikely to make the trip because of health reasons.

In his stead Mustaq Ali will lead. He is also a great batsman and particularly hard hitter.

Others in the combination will be:—

Fazal Mahood, a colt, but has built a solid reputation as a bowler of the Kelleway type.

K. Rangnekar, reputedly a stylish left-handed batsman.

Lala Amarnath, right-handed, all-rounder who swings accurately with a new ball.

G. Kischenchand, another youngster who is solid if not brilliant. This tour is looked to develop latent talents.

D. G. Phadkar, in his early 20's is the fast bowler even though not so swift through the air, perhaps, as, say, Jack Gregory or the late Ted McDonald or Ray Lindwall.

Vinoo Mankad is the slow left-hander who did so well in England by taking over 100 wickets with his slows and scoring 1,100 runs.

Rusi Modi, batsman who scored over 200 in one innings against Lindsay Hassett's Services team.

Vijay Hazare has twice scored over 300 runs. Is also a useful bowler.

Another Bosie

Gul Mahomed, reckoned a second Patsy Hendren in the outfield. Is also a bosey bowler.

J. K. Irani will keep wickets. Is also useful with the bat.

Australians who played against the Indians rate their cricket very high.



Patsy Hendren.

GREAT MEMORIES FOR FORGETTING

Most of the senior jockeys forget they were once "greenhorns." Success seldom runs to their heads, but in most cases they let the younger fry struggle along the best way they can.

HOWEVER, this is not the case with every member of the calling as some leading horsemen of today have the "giants" of the past to thank for the position they hold as first-class jockeys. These old timers had passed on a word or two of sound advice or had tipped them off about faults and exhibitions of carelessness during the running of a race.

On this point it puzzles keen racegoers when they see the "monkey on the stick" seat adopted by so many of today's inexperienced apprentices, youngsters without ability either to win or run places. They will learn much in time but they are proceeding along the wrong lines.

One or two of these midgits noticed at recent meetings in Sydney have stirrup leathers so short that it has been a wonder they have stuck on far less manage to do jus-

tice to their mounts. With knees almost touching their chins they look more like bundles of sugar bags swung across the saddle. Masters of these apprentices should, at least, insist upon longer leathers so that better control will result.

Obviously such kids haven't been given corrective tips on riding by leading horsemen of the day. It's a pity the juniors are allowed to carry on the wrong way for they haven't the slightest chance of reaching the top of their calling.

Certain first-class horsemen who have retired, or have passed on, made it a regular habit of trying to point out faults to inexperienced "kids" not long attached to a stable. Such hints were in most instances greatly appreciated and had almost immediate effect. Jockeys concerned didn't seek publicity for their actions, as apart from helping the underdog, they also assisted to protect themselves when riding in opposition to the midgits.

One Noted Horseman

One noted horseman of the past, long since dead, never missed an opportunity for helping the young lads. He was Albert Wood, one of the cleverest jockeys to have ridden in Australia. He had a winning record as long as one's arm, even longer, and his successes were achieved in all types of races, mostly by using his head in addition, of course, to arms and feet, with an occasional application of the whip. The latter was seldom brought into play, however, but when it was necessary it had the right effect. A whip in some hands is an absolute hindrance, but Wood knew how and when to apply it. Club members will readily recall some of Wood's remarkable achievements.

Many years ago the late Albert Wood after winning out in a tussle down the straight at Eagle Farm (Brisbane) with the then apprentice, J. J. Conquest, personally con-

gratulated the youngster on his riding and forecast a good future for him. That forecast was fulfilled as for many years Conquest has figured in the front rank of Brisbane's lightweight jockeys.

History might repeat itself in this respect. After apprentice E. (Bunt) Brown had landed Felt Force first past the post at the recent King's Cup meeting in Brisbane, Darby Munro, who did not ride in the race under review, approached the apprentice, patted him on the back, told him to use his head as he had done in that event, and assured him he would go far if he accepted the advice.

It was a generous gesture on the part of the master horseman and will be remembered by young Brown.

SOME American proprietary clubs seek publicity for their courses by claiming records. Their times are largely discounted. This week the three-year-old Fervent won what is called the American Derby and ran $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in 2.03/5. Australasian record is Beau Vite's 2.13.

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NAT GOULD MEMORY

THE late Nat Gould was the Zane Grey of the Turf. A rotund little man, with a "heavy dragoon" moustache, Gould, a former turf scribe, turned to the writing of racing novels, and won both fame and fortune.—(Wrote Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror".)

Gould had a plain, unvarnished writing style, and the plots of his books followed the line of what was known as Adelphi melodrama.

His characters could have stepped out of the printed page, and onto the stage of a Rignold, or Bland Holt, production.

His heroes were breezy, manly blokes, and the soul of honour. Every one of his heroines was as pure as the driven snow.

The gallery of Gould villains ranged from horse nobblers and shady bookies to dishonest trainers, unscrupulous owners, and strong-arm jockeys, capable of winning a "scratch pull" contest in any company.

Virtue Triumphs

In the end, virtue always triumphed over vice, and wed-

ding bells rang down the last curtain.

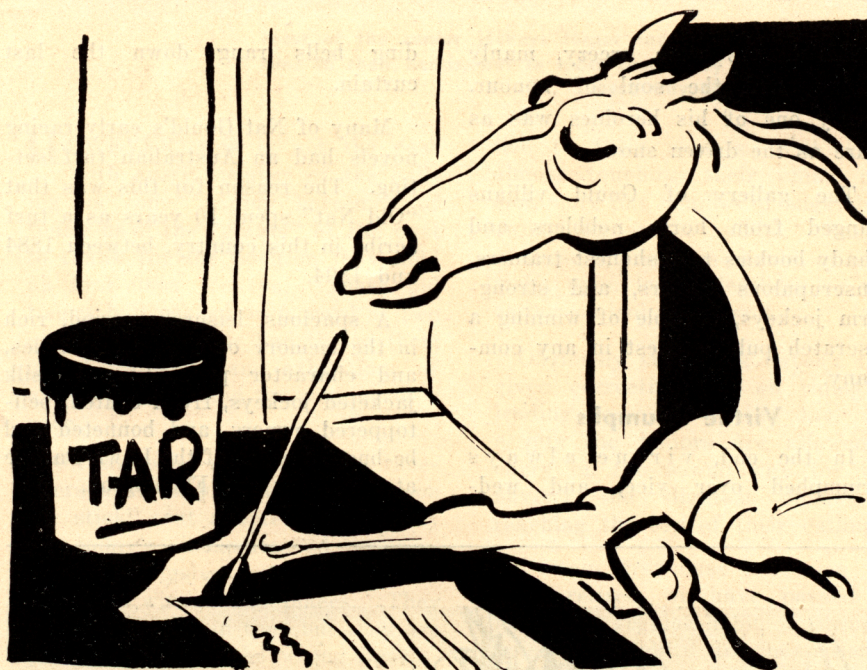
Many of Nat Gould's early racing novels had an Australian turf setting. The reason for this was that "Old Nat" spent 10 years as a turf scribe in this country, between 1884 and 1894.

A spacious, leisurely period, rich in the memory of equine celebrities, and character portraiture of silk jacketed jockeys, frock coated, bell-topped owners, and bonneted and be-bustled belles of the Lawn Parade at Randwick and Flemington.



Nature has its own way of providing nourishment. This scene shows the Pandanus, or Breadfruit Tree, which flourishes on the North Coast of N.S.W. Note the heavily laden boughs of fruit. Government Tourist Bureau Photo.

SHANNON WRITES HIS PIECE :



Frank Dalton's Stables,
Randwick.

The Editor,
Tattersall's Club Magazine.

Dear Sir,

There's a long-tailed hack round here who gives me a pain in the pastern. He wouldn't bring five pounds at a Dutch auction if they put golden horseshoes on him. Yet he's got all the airs and graces of the late Phar Lap.

When they brought me to the above address the other day, most of the horses who have bed and oats here seemed quite honoured to have my company—and rightly so. But this hairy goat who couldn't run a furlong in a fortnight keeps bashing my ears with corny cracks which quite upset me.

The second day I was here a few of us were standing round in the stable yard nattering and a smart little filly simply begged me to tell the company all about the auction at which I fetched the Australian record price of 26,000 guineas.

Being a shy lad I took a lot of persuading, but finally gave in.

When I had finished and the company had stamped hooves heartily in applause, the gol' darned stable hack curled his lip back and roared. Just the sort of manners you'd expect from a hack.

Naturally I just ignored him.

"If you're such an important character, why didn't the newspapers ask YOUR opinion of the auction? They printed the opinions of everyone from Darby Munro to the taxi tycoon McGlinchey. Why, if you wrote a personal letter to the Press I'll wager it would finish in the wastepaper basket."

The filly started to snigger and I was edging round to let the hairy hack have my valuable right hind hoof when Barney O'Brien led me away.

So I'm writing this letter containing my impressions of the sale to show the hairy goat where he gets off.

When old Peter Riddle, bless him, passed on I knew that I would be sold.

I noticed W. J. Smith, the Glass King, looking me over a few times with loving eyes and saw right through him. I'll bet he never looked that lovingly at Beau Pere and old pensioner Ajax for whom he would not pay a penny more than 13,000 guineas.

Mr. Romano, who you'll remember, once had a horse called Bernborough, or something like that, was also pretty keen on getting me, I knew. But I wasn't too keen on

The other day we received a most peculiar letter in angry haste with a whisp of straw and a stream of chaff poured out accompaniment of the stable. These facts would suggest that the letter was actually written by the owner of the horse and begorra.

going to live with him. He'd have had me dining in that restaurant of his where the menu is in a foreign language. And nothing embarrasses me more than having to ask a waitress which item on the list is the hot bran and oats.

For a time I played with the idea of Michael Dann owning me. They tell me that fellow feeds his horses on Irish stew which would be right down my alley with a name like mine.

Then there was that Melbourne citizen, O. Porter, who reckoned he'd have me or bust. There can't be much of him left by now surely and begorra.



L NOT SAY "NEIGH" TO U.S.A.

It appeared to have been written in the envelope. When we opened the envelope we found a well-worn horseshoe nail and a whiff of letter is quite authentic and was at the bottom. We give you the for yourselves.

The newspapers made a great song and dance about me sweating freely in the sale ring or what was left of it after my 5,000 odd admirers had clambered into it leaving me hardly enough space to walk.

It was suggested that I was nervous at the crowd. Me nervous! Me who made a new Australasian record for a mile without even trying—(a six lengths win) and without raising one bead of perspiration.

Believe me the lather was due to sheer indignation over what had happened the previous day. Some



would-be buyer heard a rumour that I wasn't a well horse and insisted I be given a run and then be checked by two vets.

Shades of Gloaming and Carbine! What did they take me for? A gammy-legged Bernborough with a cracked sesamoid? And by the way, without being catty, does anybody know just how much Bernborough brought at his sale? Even he won't tell you. Just ask and see. If it constituted a record he'd talk up pretty fast I'll warrant.

Anyhow, getting back to the sale ring.

After the mob had half trampled me to death—I'd never have stood for it but for the fact that the gate takings were going to provide food for Britain—the auction started.

You could have knocked me down with the Melbourne Cup when a bidder opened up with 10,000 guineas. I'd always thought he was a pal of mine. My shame and mortification were intense. They sold Heroic for about that much and in comparison, well, I ask you!

Maurice McCarten tried to do the decent thing and whacked the price up to 20,000. I cocked my eye at "W.J." and tried to look as appealing as I could. He was the man to

lift me right out of the pin money class.

A voice cried "25,000". I looked round sharply and sighted a fellow I'd never seen before. I caught the name "McGlinchey" and some babble about him wanting me for his dear old mother.

Up in the box Reg. Inglis was waving his waddy wildly. Bidding had stopped. Again I cocked my eye at the glass king. His agent, Mr. Grogan, cried "26" and in a few seconds it was all over.

Thinking it over I suppose it wasn't a bad price. It made the Talking figure of 19,000 look decidedly silly, didn't it.

Without W.J.'s permission I am not at liberty to say just what my future programme is. Of course I knew all along that I wouldn't be running in the Epsom but I didn't crack a whinny to anyone about it—not even to Barney O'Brien.

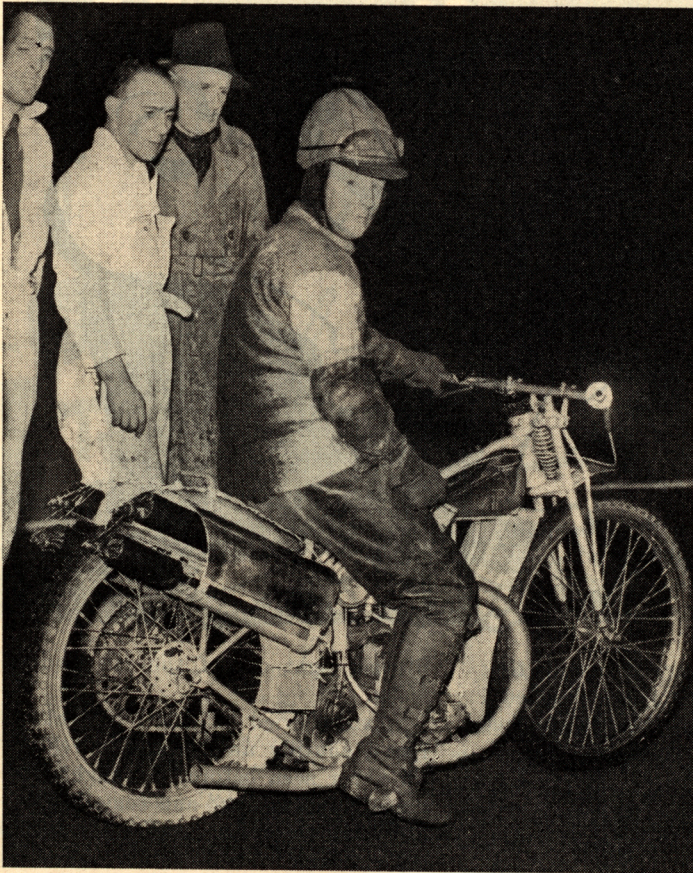
It has been hinted that I might be sold to America. I wish to make no comment at this stage on that possibility. If it falls my lot I will not say neigh.

If you publish this Mr. Editor please send a copy to the stable hack here. That would put his fetlock right out of joint.

Yours equinely, Shannon.



ROUNDABOUT OF SPORT



Speedway riders will again be busy on Sydney tracks by the time this issue reaches readers. Importations on the way include Wilbur Lamoreaux, Perry Grimm, Cal Niday and Jimmy Gibb, who are all in world class. This sport is an Australian invention and now world-wide.

CONGRATULATIONS to our U.S.A. cousins on their splendid win in the Davis Cup final against Australia this month. It looks as though, while Kramer is on deck to play in the singles, America is going to hold the Cup for a long period. Good judges declare him a better player than Donald Budge, Tilden, Fred Perry, Borotra and the rest



and Australia certainly has nothing to match up to him—YET.

WHAT the A.L.T.A. must do now is to scrap existing ideas of developing players and move along a little faster. There is not much

wrong with John Bromwich, Billy Sidwell, Dinny Pails, Colin Long and Geoff Brown but they can't win against the tops. We have some good up-and-comers on the way, particularly young Worthington, and it appears that overseas experience is the only way to secure 100 per cent. results. In the past our players (the war was the main cause) have played too much among themselves. As Pails stated recently: "I can't learn any more from John Bromwich. I know all his tricks."

That was why manager Cowling was wise in engaging Frank Kovacs as coach for the last week before the Davis Cup contest. It has been said, and written, that when a player reaches Davis Cup standard he should not require coaching. Nothing could be further from the truth. An accomplished player can pick out faults in another far quicker than a comrade who has seen the mistakes glossed over by successes against lesser lights.

International football teams always have their coach and now England, in a desperate throw of the dice to rehabilitate herself on the cricket field, has decided on a captain-off-the-field which is just another way of spelling coach. Our old friend Gubby Allen will try the scheme out on the West Indies tour just about to commence.

RE those Olympic Games scheduled for 1948.

England has a wonderful record for carrying out anything she takes on but the going, this time, will be tough.

From the Public Relations Officer, Wembley Stadium, where the Games will be conducted, we learn officially:—

- The British Government is unlikely to increase the food ration for visiting competitors.
- That England will be represented by not more than 70 athletes in all which will make an all-time low for a host country.
- That Jack Crumb has been appointed team manager.
- That 200 of the best performers are to be placed in squads under expert coaches and sifted down to the bare minimum.

HARRY FLEGG, President of the Australian Rugby League, has intimated the distinct possibility of the 1948 tour of England and France by the "Kangaroos" being declared off unless the dollar situation improves beyond measure. Same thing might apply to the Aust. XI cricket tour scheduled for next year. Fortunately there is a bit of breathing time ahead and, with due deference to Mr. Flegg, every cloud seems to have a silver lining if we gaze intently and long enough.

FRANK ARTHUR, speedway king and former world champion, has just arrived back from U.S.A. where he was engaged in making arrangements for American stars to appear here this season. Had a great time, he says, but the cost was high. His last meal before joining his Skymaster was a chicken sandwich and cup of coffee—14/6!

THERE'S something wrong in the State of Denmark and the very first Australian selection for next year's Games has brought a strong burst of criticism.

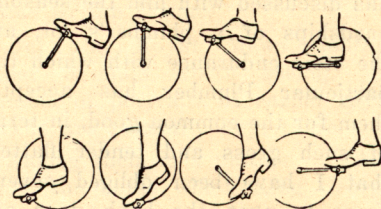
On Saturday, August 30, amateur cyclists from all over Australia gathered at Centennial Park, Sydney, for a Test road race to carry with it the Australian title and also selection in the Olympic team as No. 1 rider.

That seems all right on paper but this is how it worked out:—

Race was won, in slow time, by Russell Mockridge of Melbourne. Best rider in the event, according to competitors, was Jack Hoobin, also of Victoria, but he was forced

out of the race after going only 20 of the 125 miles schedule.

Hoobin has been nominated No. 2



rider but there is no indication that sufficient funds will be available to send him.

Surely a point score over a series of events would be more equitable and more likely to find the real champion.

AS a proper example of the farcical way some things are done in the cycling world there is the case of Horrie Pethybridge who went to England for the 1934 Empire Games. He travelled 24,000 miles to saddle up in one event on Fallowfield track, Manchester, and punctured! He returned home minus a title which, as a rider all experts agreed he deserved for being the best exponent. His trouble was mechanical over which he had no control.

KEITH SHARP, Secretary N.S.W. Rugby League, has issued official attendance figures for games played in the metropolitan area this season—1,311,000.



Spring is here and parents are taking advantage of Manly's water "playground" for children. The Slippery Dip platform shown is a first favourite with the younger fry. Government Tourist Bureau picture.

His Majesty the Plumber

Like many others who suffered severe rain damage in recent storms which visited Sydney, I sought the services of a plumber. Pardon! I mean plumbers. My 'Phone book became thumb-marked and my 'phone bill rocketed in an attempt to find one tradesman who could attend my wants in less than a month.

SUCCESS came at last and when I write I've "Had" the plumber, the terminology is right and I don't mean maybe.

Having a Plumber in the house, I am able to sense as never before the enjoyment to be had from power. The Plumber has been enjoying it ever since he arrived and, I should imagine, from the quiet assurance with which he accepts its benefits, for some time before that. He is treated with an elaborate and nervous deference.

His slightest jest (that is to say, any observation which, coming from an essentially aloof character, could be interpreted as humorous) is received with sycophantic laughter. In

these hollow storms I am required to join, being called from my desk to stand in the hall and laugh appreciatively up the stairs. My household has discussed with him the seasonal hardships of a plumber's lot, and the stoic endurance with which this particular Plumber has accepted them for the common good, in terms of such gross and tender flattery that I have been obliged several times to open the back door and take in large draughts of restorative air. We leap to satisfy his most trivial need: once or twice I have been told with unusual sharpness to "hurry up".

I am deeply grateful to this Plumber and inhale with delight the smell of blowlamp and hot lead which promises to restore that previously underrated asset, a tap which gives water as a rock smitten by the rod of Moses. But I shall be glad when he goes and life around me becomes a little less artificial.

—A Member.

SPORTS SHORTS

IF everything works to schedule Sydney Cricket Ground Trust and fans generally will not have to worry in future over wet wickets after rain. Curator Wal Gorman and his staff have a new set-up mechanically which, they maintain will dry the pitch in a couple of hours. It is their own invention. Similarly, the ground surface, this year, will be top-dressed scarified and fertilised behind a motor running at 15 m.p.h. instead of the old hand, hoe and shovel method.

IN the new Sports Playing Area at present engaging attention of Minister for Lands, W. Sheahan, bowls is to play an important part. It is almost any odds that the N.S.W.B.A. will settle in eventually to make the venue its headquarters.

THERE is a vacancy on the Sydney Cricket Ground Trust and a little birdie whispers that barrister Jim Kinkead will shortly join in discussions as the new representative of members.

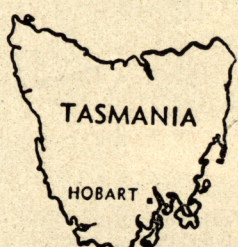


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The King's Horses

OF ALL THE HOMES in Great Britain, Buckingham palace is probably the most difficult for an ordinary person to enter. Yet there is one part of this royal residence open to the public in peacetime.

That part is the Royal Mews, which can now once again be visited on request to the Superintendent. Here are housed not only the royal horses, but other appurtenances of State pageantry.

The exhibits include some of the several coaches in the royal collection, harness used on various occasions, and souvenirs of earlier royal horses.

The Mews, designed by Nash and built in 1824, are situated at the rear of the Palace. Few Stables in the world are more elegant than these, with their cool, green tiles and scrupulous cleanliness. Nowhere is a finer collection of equestrian souvenirs to be found.

Before the war, 80 or more horses were kept there, but during the last six years many were evacuated or put to work on the royal estates, and when hostilities ceased only nine animals remained in the London Royal Mews.

The number has since been increased, and the stables are undergoing further replenishment by purchases of fine horses up and down the country. It has become increasingly difficult to obtain animals up to the requisite high standard, but the public's love of royal pageantry necessitates that every effort be made to bring the stables back to their normal, peacetime condition.

One Horse, One Stall

Each animal has a separate stall, the partitions of which are matted to prevent bruises, and sweet-smelling straw forms the bedding, while every horse also has a rug bearing the royal cypher.

It has long been a royal rule, too, that one man shall be in charge of each pair of animals. He does everything for them, and cleans their harness.

The breed of horses used for drawing the royal coach today is the Windsor grey. This breed re-

placed the Hanoverian Cream for that purpose when King George V came to the throne.

But the Royal Mews contain other animals worth seeing. A number of portraits of earlier royal steeds are normally kept there.

Among them is a picture of "Anzac", the horse which King George V rode during the 1914-18 Great War, when he visited the troops at the front. The likeness was painted by A. J. Munnings, the famous artist, when "Anzac" was retired to the Hampton Court paddocks in 1930.

Equally fascinating are the royal coaches. A visit to the Royal Mews rarely fails to arouse surprise at the number of vehicles kept there. And they are by no means all the royal coaches in Britain. Others are housed at Windsor and elsewhere.

For Every Occasion

There is one for nearly every occasion. The Buckingham Palace Mews is the home of the State coach, the "glass" State coach used at royal weddings, and the Irish State coach, a comparatively simple affair in which the Sovereign travels to levees.

Other horse-drawn vehicles are kept for use by the Queen's party when the King himself rides on horseback to the Trooping of the Colours. Then there are the Town coaches, in which foreign Ambassadors are driven to the royal residence when they come to present their credentials.

The State harness kept in the Mews is really beyond price, but its intrinsic value has been put at more than £7,000. The most valuable set is that used with the gilded coach. There are gold trappings for each of the eight horses which are needed to draw the four-ton vehicle on State occasions.

The various saddles form the most valuable collection of their kind in the world. They include one often used by Queen Victoria, and another presented to King Edward VII by Buffalo Bill! Royal riding switches, some of unusual design, enhance the royal collection.

Still another entertaining feature is the riding school attached to the Mews. Here the horses are trained. Their instruction includes training which ensures that they will ignore the cheering and music which are a feature of royal processions.

Stable boys beat drums, blow trumpets, and make as much noise as possible, to accustom the animals to street noises on ceremonial occasions.

Even the coaches have their testing periods. They are rocked and jolted, so that any signs of a squeak may be detected and remedied. From time to time, trial drives are carried out through the London streets.

Even in these modern times, when the motor car has so widely replaced the horse, regal pageantry seems better served by the older mode of transport. The Royal Mews are being brought back to the pre-war state, not as a museum only, but as a part of the thrilling public ceremonial which still surrounds the British Throne.

—“Empire Digest.”

The £50,000 Beggar

RAGGED, hungry, 77-year-old Alexander McIntosh died in a cheap cafe in Capetown after eating a hand-out meal.

But it was found yesterday that he had more than £50,000 in gilt-edged shares.

He left £500 to the Baptist Church of Cupar, Fifeshire (Scotland), and the remainder to his brothers and sisters in Scotland.

McIntosh, a bachelor, was for five years President of the South African Linotypers' Union and, in 1930, represented the South African trade union movement at Geneva.

Since his retirement in 1938, he had lived largely on alms given him in the street and on union loans.

CLUB member who visited Melbourne a couple of months ago got 5000 to 1 The Sidar-Chatspa and 3000 to 1 Night Guardian-Chatspa as Caulfield Cup-Melbourne Cup doubles.

ENGLISH ARCHITECTS

Have Private War

The rebuilding of bombed England is engaging rapt attention and especially so in regard to cathedrals. Another war is being waged, this time between traditional and modern thought.

THE plans for Coventry Cathedral have been scrapped, the architect, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has resigned, and a commission is to be appointed.

The Royal Fine Art Commission is dissatisfied with the present plans, the bishop and povost said in an official statement yesterday.

In his letter of resignation Sir Giles Scott said: "My design was traditional in character, both inside and out, so as to blend with the ex-

isting remains. The new Bishop, on appointment, made it clear he would prefer a more modern treatment.

"To meet his views it seemed possible to me to do this for the interior, as it was not seen in conjunction with the whole work.

"I Shall be too Old

"But this introduction of modernism and the difference between the inside and outside was disliked by the Royal Fine Art Commission.

"These differences of opinion and the formation of numerous societies, committees and commissions, etc., to give them expression, are characteristic of our times."

Sir Giles, who is 66, added that by the time building was permitted he would, even if alive, have reached an age too great to undertake an important work of this kind.

THIS yarn is told about the Hollywood star who had been divorced four times and was proposing again.

"Why, I rather like you, darling," said the young lovely listening to him, "but, you see, I've heard so many things about you—"

"My dear," interrupted the much married actor, "you really mustn't believe these old wives' tales."

* * *

JOHN BATTY, "Yorkshire Post" critic, wrote of the French team of League footballers: "The Frenchmen are a bit temperamental, but have learned to put up a fight, and with a bit of encouragement, they'll do well, specially when they're in front."

This might be written of a typical British team: "They are lacking in temperament, but with a bit of discouragement, they'll do well, specially when they're behind."

* * *

A gossip-girl's remarks on the lavish way rice used to be thrown at smart weddings reminded us of Longfellow's famous attack on West End vergers:

*Beside the ungathered rice he lies,
His thoughts are mean and petty;
He sells it to the wholesale guys,
And when for food his offspring cries
He gives it boiled confetti.*

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A Devil's Disciple

From an article on post-war Germany in the "World Digest".

THE STRANGEST inhabitant of the Transit Mess at Bonn, was a young man called Aulach. When I spoke to him he at once told me an involved story about his situation. He had lived all his life in Germany, but his parents were anti-Facist refugees, both of whom had acquired foreign nationality. He was now almost twenty-one and in the position of being able to choose his nationality. He had chosen not to be a German. He was now waiting at the Transit Mess while long negotiations were going on to enable him to join his father, who was of Jewish origin, in Paris.

This is enough of his story to explain how it was that he, though born and living all his life in Germany, was at the British Officers' Transit Mess.

Aulach is significant, not because he is in any way "typical" but because his is one spirit thinking and brooding in this post-war Germany, just as after the last war there were the Nazis thinking their nihilistic thoughts. The Germans are very cerebral, but for the most part they are a cerebral mass seething with apathetic sullen ideas. Aulach is in a state of ferment, highly infectious to the German passively cerebrating mass, filled with its dull sense of injury, self-pity, cruelty, bitterness and potential fury.

He explained to me that as he was half-Jewish, half-pure Nordic, he incarnated in himself the ideological struggles of the Third Reich. His Nordic side was creative, bold, bad, generous, ruthless; his Jewish side was analytic and self-destructive, continually trying to sabotage his noble, mystical Nordic personality. For this he hated his Jewish side.

I told him that I had just read Ernst Junger's "Feuer und Blut". I said that Junger was diabolic and that "Feuer und Blut" was a masterpiece written from the depths of an experience of hell. Aulach said: "I cannot disapprove of that.

Junger is a devil. And I have so much understanding of devils that I do not condemn diabolic books at all."

"What do you mean by a devil?" I asked. "A devil is a person who is aware of himself as a unique part of existence. To him the fact that he exists and that he is a part of the human condition of existing is more important than society and than the whole world.

Most people consider themselves part of their social environment, their job, their class, etc. They do not think much about the fact that they exist. Therefore a devil is quite outside his environment. A devil despises in his heart the whole social and political structure of our time."

Despised Nazis

Aulach said that he despised the Nazis, because they were not honest devils. He said that there was a diabolic side of Hitler which he admired because Hitler really saw through the sham of bourgeois society. But at the same time Hitler was not honest with himself, nor was he true to his friends.

"A true devil recognises in the world a few other devils, people who despise all the fixed forms of society. They are willing to destroy all the outward political forms in order to intensify the sensation in themselves of their own state of being. They will put towns and even whole countries to the sword, but they remain true to themselves and loyal to each other. A true devil regards the majority of human beings as just outward external institutions to be no more respected than a city company or a society

for the protection of animals. But the test of the true devil is that he is loyal to other devils. The Nazis failed by this test."

I said that I was ten years older than he and that although I shared the experience of a sensation which he was talking about, I did not believe that the whole of society should be sacrificed to the contempt of a few people who believe themselves to be more authentic than other people. Suffering was also real—even the suffering of dishonest people—and it was the duty of people who realise the vanity of most human aims and institutions nevertheless to mitigate horror and suffering.

Aulach had no sympathy with this this point of view. "All such talk is an attempt to make one loyal to something outside the truth about oneself—which is that one is alive and is going to die and that one has no loyalty to anyone except oneself."

"All the same," I said, "one must look for a constructive idea. If one has the sense of despair and of evil, then one must look for the sense of hope and of good with which to confront despair and evil" . . . Darkness has come upon us, but above all is the need to make our society walk in the paths of light.

USUALLY an owner comes by a good horse through a stroke of good fortune. Peter Riddle, with his unerring eye for quality, picked out Shannon from among many on Percy Miller's property when the champion-to-be was very young. Peter said: "I'll buy him when he is put up at the yearling sales if the price isn't too high."

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NAMING HORSES

A couple of issues back we ran an article on some absurd names many racehorses have to bear. A member has delved into the subject to some purpose. He says—

Here are a few good ones worth recording: Grey Nurse for the filly by Nizami from Card Player; Gay Spark (Dark Lover—Power Point), filly; Petty Cash (Torpedo—Pin Money), colt; Bond Street (Heroic's Pride—Dame Fashion), filly; and Score Board for the colt by Brueghel from Semaphore. Card players may, or may not appreciate the link up with a species of shark. It doesn't matter anyway.

By the way of contrast, here are a few names for rising two-year-olds which may prove headaches for

bookmakers and punters alike: Aracane; Blithe Melody; Brindle Royalist; Coochin Road; Diaphantus; Hamyane; Hippocrene; King of the Woods; and Sad Sack.

Fireamjie is one of the poorest of recent examples of combination naming, that is making use of part of the name of the sire and the dam. This colt is by Byarjee from House on Fire. He's not likely to set the turf alight. Such titles rarely have a euphonic effect, though there are exceptions to the rule.

THAT tired feeling which afflicts many people may come from a guilty conscience or from the tired person's dislike for what he is doing, scientists reported at the American Congress of Physical Therapy in New York (writes "Science Digest").

The scientists are Drs. Arthur L. Watkins, Stanley Cobb, Jacob Ellis Finesinger, Mary A. B. Brazier and Harley C. Shands, of Harvard, and Gregory Pincus of Tufts and the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology.

Psychiatric, chemical and physiological studies on 45 psychoneurotic persons complaining of fatigue and on a comparable control group were made.

The patients showed a great variety of symptoms but four-fifths of them were diagnosed as suffering from anxiety neurosis. In 16, the tired feeling followed intensively specific situations associated with feeling tones of guilt and rejection.

* * *

IN his sorrow, following on the loss of his son, Neil McKenna's consolation was the heartfelt sympathy expressed by his legion friends, including members of this club, who hold him in the esteem fostered by friendship of very many years.

OUR local bad lad says he can't live within his means without borrowing.

* * *

NOW that the cricket season is about to open, several members have expressed a wish that some enthusiasts will take up the task of assembling an XI. for regular matches against other clubs.

* * *

OTHER racing countries look slanted at the nine world's records claimed for American horses over distances from 5½ furlongs to three miles (writes Cliff Graves in the "Daily Telegraph"). Even on the chief U.S. courses the races start behind the distance line and the timing does not start until this is reached. The result is that the horses have reached top speed at the starting mark. In Australia a fraction of a second is allowed so that the start of the race and the actual movement of the watch synchronise. The start takes place on the distance mark.

Racing Fixtures

SEPTEMBER

Tattersall's Club	Sat., 13th
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 20th
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Sat., 27th

OCTOBER

Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 4th
Australian Jockey Club	Mon., 6th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 11th
City Tattersall's	Sat., 18th
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 25th

NOVEMBER

Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 1st
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 8th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat., 15th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat., 22nd
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat., 6th
Sydney Turf Club	Sat., 13th
Australian Jockey Club	Sat., 20th
Australian Jockey Club	Fri., 26th
Tattersall's Club	Sat., 27th

SALISBURY, Rhodesia, recently got ready to greet former Corporal Harry Nicholls, first British V.C. of the war, who is due there to start his life afresh. More than a dozen positions await his selection, and a suite in one of the best hotels has been turned over to him.—A.P.

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RESULTS

First Round.—R. M. Colechin and V. Richards beat B. F. Partridge and C. L. Parker by 66, C. J. Manning and L. Tasker beat W. Hayes and G. R. Gayleard by 47, F. C. Belot and W. H. Relton beat L. H. Howarth and J. E. Grigsby by 60, F. Vockler and T. S. Woodbridge beat G. Webster and W. A. McDonald by forfeit, "G.J.W." and C. S. Price beat H. J. Robertson and H. E. Nagel by 24, R. Rattray and H. V. S. Kirby beat H. F. R. Brooks and M. Newstead by 13, D. F. Graham and W. S. Edwards beat Guy Cricke and E. N. Welch by forfeit, E. H. Booth and W. K. Garnsey beat J. Stapleton and G. H. Booth by 13, A. Buck and H. G. Parr beat E. W. Russell and W. G. Marshall by forfeit, L. R. Flack and J. A. McLean beat A. S. Gordon and C. C. Hoole by 33, A. C. Gelling and J. D. Mullan beat T. A. Richards and J. W. Melville by forfeit, S. Peters and A. Page beat C. E. Young and Carl Perry by 23, G. Fienberg

and J. Harris beat A. V. Miller and A. E. Stutchbury by forfeit, R. G. Mead and E. W. Bell beat S. A. Kaaten and N. Seamonds by forfeit, B. M. Lane and Jack Davis beat Harold Hill and J. A. Miller by 26, J. A. Roles and W. R. Dovey, K.C., beat R. J. Hastings and A. H. Chartres by 52, E. A. Davis and E. E. Davis beat A. R. McCamley and W. Andrews by forfeit, L. J. Haigh and L. A. Dempsey beat S. E. Chatterton and E. W. Abbott by 41, J. H. Peoples and P. B. Lindsay beat H. H. Robinson and Lionel Bloom by 50.

The rapid wear-and-tear of motor vehicle engines used constantly in congested areas has been disclosed to the Institution of Automobile Engineers by Mr. W. A. Robotham, of Rolls-Royce.

Service records made available to Mr. Robotham have shown that if a car functioned largely in London traffic the engine required reboring after 15,000 miles.

Driven under ordinary conditions—that is, journeys of 50 to 100 miles—cars averaged 50,000 rebore miles, while on the Continent, where high average speeds were possible, the mileage approached 100,000.

* * *

A prophecy that the jet-propulsion engine would become out of date and that automatic heat would power aeroplanes within the next 15 years was made by Mr. R. G. Worcester, former Air Ministry test pilot and technical editor of "The Aeroplane".

Speaking at Hayes, Middlesex, he said the 350-ton aeroplane would become a practical proposition.

Owing to the shortage of manpower in Britain, nuclear fission, or the basic process of splitting the heaviest element into two lighter ones was likely to prove cumbersome and unsuitable. An alternative method which held promise of greater efficiency was to join together two light elements to make a heavier one. It was the atomic bomb in reverse.

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PITTWATER

UPWARDS of 100 years ago, John Dunmore Lang, one of Australia's earliest clerics, wrote thus of the river of which Pittwater is an arm:—"The first river flowing into the Pacific to the northward of Port Jackson is the Hawkesbury which disembogues at Broken Bay, about 18 miles to the northward of Sydney, presenting along its whole course of 100 miles from the town of Richmond to the sea, the most magnificent scenery, not inferior indeed, although on a smaller scale, to the famous scenery of the Rhine, . . . on both sides of the bay into which it disembogues there are romantic inlets presenting the finest wood and rock scenery imaginable with patches of the richest alluvial land on their shores, which are generally occupied by small settlers. It is one of the most romantic spots in the colony, with agricultural land of the first quality which is occupied in small farms, and maintains a considerable agricultural population . . ."

The agricultural aspect of Pittwater is today entirely secondary to its popularity as a holiday and fishing resort and to many people this pleasant spot merely suggests a most desirable picnic place.

Actually, Pittwater has an old and colourful history, said by some to date back 178 years, when James Cook, laboriously charting the eastern coast of Australia, sighted "broken land which appeared to form a bay".

After the arrival of the First Fleet in Australia, Captain Phillip decided in March 1788, to take a small exploration party in a long boat and a cutter to explore the land northward of Port Jackson. Captain Phillip's journal dated March 3, 1788, records the result of this survey so far as Pittwater is concerned . . . "immediately round the headland that forms the southern entrance into Broken Bay, there is a branch which I think the finest piece of water I ever saw and which I honoured with the name of Pitt Water" . . . this name, of course, being given in honour of William Pitt the Younger, who was then Prime Minister of England.

During his first expedition to Broken Bay, Captain Phillip, with a keen eye for the topography of the country, reached the conclusion that somewhere in the surrounding hills (which he named Carmathen, Lansdowne and Richmond) there must be a large river. Unfortunately, time did not then permit of further exploration and so it was left to Phillip's third expedition in 1790 to discover this river which he named the Hawkesbury.

The Pittwater and Hawkesbury pioneers were "farming folk" and toiled hard to keep the colony at Sydney supplied with the produce of the soil. The main difficulty was, of course, transport and as open boats had to be used to send the foodstuffs to market, they found themselves dependant not only on the weather but also facing personal danger in overcrowded small craft.



Pittwater Today.

A deputation of farmers waited on Governor Hunter who promised to provide sloops and small-decked cutters for the Pittwater-Sydney trade. By 1804 at least 16 of the larger safer boats were employed for the transport of passengers and cargo; even up to the twenties of the present century the arrival of the "cargo boat" every Friday evening caused a pleasurable stir among the local residents at Pittwater.

A well-known landmark of Pittwater is Scotland Island, which has a history all its own. Originally it was named Pitt Island and was given as a grant to an emancipated convict named Andrew Thompson who, in the course of his comparatively short life (he died at the age of 37) followed many occupations—storekeeper, constable, builder, brewer, shipowner, farmer and magistrate—and who died a rich man.

Another famous landmark of Pittwater is the Barrenjoey light which also has an interesting history, going back well over 100 years, when a cottager showed a light to storm-driven vessels off the coast. The first official lights were shown in 1868 from two wooden towers named "Stewart Towers", after Robert Stewart, Parliamentary member for East Sydney.

In the 1870's, Broken Bay and Barrenjoey were important places and for some years a customs house officer named Black, was stationed there. He also was known as the harbour master.

Luggers were continually passing in and out of Broken Bay, engaged in a lucrative timber trade and, incidentally, a fair amount of smuggling was reported to have taken place so that Mr. Black's post was, therefore, highly responsible.

It is interesting to note that in the 1870's, Manly's one and only police officer, Constable Carton, was responsible for maintaining law and order not only in the "village" but also in the "district extending to Barrenjoey".

The road which runs out across the Narrabeen Lakes to Newport and on to Barrenjoey is a highway connected with early Australian history, for on a map in the Mitchell Library that bears the date of 1828, it is marked as far as the bluff which forms the South Head of Broken Bay. It is one of those convict-built roads which endure.

Pittwater today, denuded of its early agricultural aspect, is still a very lovely spot. Here and there we find traces of the old days in those specimens of colonial architecture which have escaped the hands of the demolisher. The unchangeable part of Pittwater has been the glory of blue water and green trees which are there today as in the days when the infant colony was born.

More than a century and a half has passed since Pittwater entered into our history and less than 20 miles distant is the largest concentration of population in Australia, and yet Pittwater still stands as serenely beautiful as on that March day in 1788 when our first Governor named it for William Pitt.



Church Point, Pittwater.

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